

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



Christmas, 1929

Contents

Christmas -----	107
After All -----	108
Holy Night -----	117
A Christmas Idyl -----	118
Day of Days -----	123
The Way it Happens -----	124
Snow -----	131
Editorials -----	132
Exchanges -----	134
Library Notes -----	137
Societies -----	141
Alumni Notes -----	148
Locals -----	149
Athletics -----	152
Free Air: Hot and Otherwise -----	156

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Collegeville, Indiana.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Collegeville, Ind., October 20,
1927, under Act of March 3, 1897.

VOL. XVIII

DECEMBER 12, 1929

NO. 3

Christmas

Hang out the ivy and the holly!
Set up the good old Christmas tree!
There are reasons to be jolly
When bells resound with Yuletide glee.

Each soul is glad; each heart is sighing
To give itself to Christ, the King;
To Him in sweet devotion vying
May each its choicest offering bring.

In love towards Him, O be not chary,
And like the world deny Him room
Who comes to earth with man to tarry
That joy and peace may always bloom.

Receive Him glad at His fair banquet,
By aid of which you may surmise
The meaning of that holy signet
Which opes the gates of Paradise.

F. Weiner, '30

AFTER ALL

Jim Adams had established a reputation in the city of Tulon, not only as an outstanding and progressive student, but also as an athlete. With pleasure his admirers remembered that timely basket which brought, in 1923-'24, the state championship and over and above this distinction such enviable fame as gave Tulon High reasons to feel proud—to feel really proud of its Purple and Gold—in consequence of the honor that came to the school at the close of a season of hard-fought games in basketball.

It was at the Stagg meet in Chicago where annually the national championship is played, that John Wilse, the assistant coach of Bay City University, had seen Jim Adams in action. Wilse, realizing what an asset Jim would surely be for any basketball team, decided to locate him and, by a friendly chat, hoped to persuade him to enter Bay City U. in the coming fall. Since Tulon High, while in Chicago, commonly made its headquarters at the Hotel Sherman, Wilse resolved to saunter about the lobby for the purpose of obtaining a conference with Jim. Rumor had made it generally known that Jim planned to attend college upon completing his course at the high school, but it was as yet uncertain what college he would choose. All doubts were soon dispelled as to what school would be Jim's future Alma Mater after coach Wilse had made known to him the great success that Bay City U. had achieved in athletics. The following fall found Jim at his newly chosen Alma Mater.

September brought its usual number of Fresh-

men to the old school; and, as is always the case among Freshmen, whose shyness and timidity the initiation ceremonies fail to remove, some instances of homesickness appeared. It was but natural that under these circumstances the Thanksgiving vacation should be anxiously awaited by the newcomers including Jim. This vacation was generally regarded by them as a necessary opportunity to allow the recovery of a semblance of mental balance, together with a chance at rejuvenating their badly worn scholastic spirits for the coming months. During this vacation, Jim, with the aid of his solicitous mother, devised plans for the approaching Christmas holidays. Jim had always entertained a real fondness for his mother, and it was his feelings of duty towards her that made him anxious as to the manner in which he was to spend Christmas in her company.

The days between the Thanksgiving celebration and the Christmas holidays flew by as if carried on wings. It was with real delight that Jim among others, while standing at the Bay City station on December the eighteenth, heard the whistle of the train that was headed for Tulon, for this shrill note was for him and for those in his company the first and most welcomed signal that the Christmas vacation had actually begun. After boarding the train, Jim and his companions left all that belonged to school behind and out of mind. Eagerly each one of the crowd fell to discussing his personal plans for the holidays. The usual Christmas cheer began to prevail, and the ride to Tulon proved all too short even for those who were most impatient to meet the smiles and greetings of their dear ones and friends at home.

For Jim the vacation proved to be the happiest event in his life up to that time. How gloriously did not this Christmas visit contrast with the numerous dull homecomings of evenings when he attended high school! Here was real joy such as he had never believed could be found in life. People who formerly had passed him up unnoticed were now glad to see him and to converse with him. The smile on the face of his mother was more bright and tender than usual, and the eyes of his friends beamed upon him in so friendly a manner that he felt as if old Tulon had come to be the home of enchantment. "If this is what Christmas vacation means for a student who returns home from college," he mused to himself, "then I shall have more of it in years to come." But he was at least partially doomed to disappointment in this newly awakened expectation, and that precisely because he was a good athlete. The present Christmas season, however, was to be for Jim and his mother an unbroken series of happy days—the happiest days they had ever spent together. When the day arrived to return to college, Jim was visibly downcast, but he sought to cheer himself with the thought that the summer days would come, and then, oh, yes, another Christmas with all its joys.

The routine of school work quickly turned Jim's attention from dreaming over pleasures that had come and gone to the more practical and serious affairs before him. Of course there were games of basketball to be played by the Freshman contingent at the school, and in these games, Jim, due to his experience, easily excelled and that to a degree which impelled others to point him out as sure and valuable material for the Varsity. Whether or not he might make the Varsity was a matter of which he remained

in doubt, since at the close of the season all the regulars who held a berth on the representative team were scheduled to return to old Bay City U. in the following September. His hopes in this direction, however, were much strengthened when assistant coach Wilse urged him very earnestly to return in the fall of the year.

Though a three-months summer vacation may seem long at the start, yet there is always something about these three months that makes them rush into the past more quickly than do any three months of school time. To Jim it seemed that he had merely closed his eyes on the school in June, only to open them again on the scenes, now familiar grown, in September. In one particular though he found a change. He was no longer a Freshman, no, during the summer he had metamorphosed into a Sophomore. As time rolled on over its days and weeks up to the opening of the basketball season, Jim suddenly found himself in the elimination try-out for the Varsity. His long-cherished hopes were realized; he was numbered among the regulars.

Everything now during the hours of play was basketball for Jim. Coach Wilse was to learn that he had not misplaced his confidence; Jim was bound to let his friend, the coach, know as much. Game upon game was won for Bay City U., and in every one of them, Jim had done stellar work. He was altogether oblivious of the passing days and weeks, until all of a sudden he found that Christmas with its happy holidays was the general topic of conversation. Jim awoke as from a long, delicious dream. How could he forget to make the Christmas season happy, thoroughly happy, for his dear mother? He knew that the only way in which he could make her happy was by returning home over the holidays.

He planned and planned extensively in order to discover the best way of accommodating his mother, but in all his plans basketball rose up before his eyes as a disturbing specter and demanded that its rights should be respected above all others. Did he not belong to the regulars now? Had it not been made known long since that the Varsity must fill part of its schedule during the holidays? Poor Jim! He had reached the goal of his ambition, namely, the Varsity, only to get himself into a peck of trouble.

At length Jim became resigned to the idea that he could not spend Christmas at home. He resolved to dispatch a letter to his mother at once in order that she might be informed in good time of what had taken place. In that letter he sought to pour out all the joy and cheer that his pen could convey in the hope that his absence would not mar the blessings of Christmas for her. As for himself he was determined that Bay City U. should win every game that was scheduled to be played during the holidays, and that in consequence his Alma Mater should hold the Big Eight title. If the pleasure of being at home could not be his just at a time when he above all wanted to be there, then he was determined to draw at least whatever fun and cheer could be had out of a situation that was beyond his control. The big game slated for December 24th with Banton must be won at all costs, so Jim concluded, and from this minute onward he decided to leave Christmas with its holidays out of his thoughts and plans. Would it not after all be a cause for joy to his mother if she learned from the result of that game that her son had brought fame and good feeling to all his fellow students at the old school? To be sure this fact would make her feel proud and happy.

On the morning of December 24th the squad

of Bay City U. boarded the Great Northern Limited for Banton. During a lay-over for an hour along the way, the coach allowed the members of the team to disperse with the warning, of course, that they were not to indulge in anything like feasting or rough deportment. Jim strolled alone down what to him appeared to be the Grand Avenue of the tiny burg where the stopover took place. He had walked but the distance of a few blocks when he saw a young man leaving a house just across the street. Jim could scarcely believe his eyes, but for a fact the young man could be nobody else but Spike Marland, a former schoolmate at Tulon High.

"Hello, Spike," Jim shouted cheerfully, "have you got an hour's time to spend with me before I shall have to leave for Banton University?"

"Say, Jim, is this you?" Spike inquired rather dubiously, but he was quickly sure of his man and seizing Jim by the hand, he gave him such a hearty shaking that they both soon regained their sense after the unusual surprise caused by the meeting. "If you have all the time of an hour," continued Spike, "why, then come to the house."

"No, Spike," Jim objected, "I promised the coach that I would be on time for the train."

Spike, however, was insistent. "Ah, come on, Jim, if just for a moment," he begged, "my mother and Alice will be ever so glad to see you."

Upon this Jim consented. After the usual greetings and expressions of welcome, the Marland family proceeded to inform Jim how they had come to leave Tulon and make their home in Hampton where he had so unexpectedly and fortunately found them. In spite of Jim's vigorous protests a light luncheon was prepared, and for the sake of being sociable Jim had to eat, though the remembered warning of

the coach fairly made every mouthful stick in his throat. Alice in particular plied Jim with questions and profusely detailed to him all the fun she expected to have over the approaching great feast. Jim listened, but his mind was on the hands of a large clock that stood on the mantelpiece. Presently it occurred to him to telephone to the railway station to find out if the coach had already returned. Yes, he was at the station. "You have twenty minutes more, Jim," came the answer from the coach. The conversation was leisurely resumed, but Jim kept his hat in hand as a reminder that he must not overstay his time. Presently he rose from his chair, adjusted his coat, and taking leave from his friends he turned to the door. A ring from the telephone detained him for a second thinking as he did that it might be from the coach. Alice, who had gone to answer the ring quickly called, "Jim, Jim, you are wanted at the phone; it is the coach." Jim mumbled incidentally that it was a good thing that he had informed the coach where to call if that should be necessary, yet to be rung up unexpectedly flustered him a little. He did not anticipate that anything like good luck awaited him, but lucky he was, indeed.

"Jim," said the coach, "I am sorry to inform you that the game with Banton University had to be called off. An epidemic of fever has disabled a number of their regulars, and all I want to say is that you are free to do what you please for the coming five days, only be sure to report at Bay City U. on December 29th. A most merry Christmas to you!"

"Good news, good news!" shouted Jim, "now I shall see my mother over Christmas."

The Marlands were pleased to see Jim so overjoyed at the news that had come to him, and Spike

now insisted that Jim should stay for the afternoon.

"That will be sheerly impossible," Jim replied to Spike, "for it will require all the time I have to make home by midnight, and mind you, this is Christmas eve."

"Do not hurry, Jim," Alice now interposed, "I too have a surprise for you. A new car has been given me as a present for Christmas, and I have decided to try it out by taking you to the railway station from which you can most conveniently reach Tulon, and you shall be there before midnight."

"Real Christmas joys are returning," exclaimed Jim, "Real Christmas joys are returning!"

Neither car nor train could go fast enough for Jim, so anxious he was to reach home. By ten o'clock on Christmas eve he walked along the street in Tulon as fast as his legs could carry him. Here at length he was before his own home ready to surprise his mother. He found the house well lighted; tried the door; found it unlocked. Stealthily he entered. On a table in the parlor he saw a pyramid of parcels and at the base of it a large card inscribed by the hand of his mother, "For my dear son, Jim." For a minute he stood perfectly still, then shouted loudly, "Mother!" At the sound of his voice he heard footsteps in a neighboring room. He could restrain himself no longer. Rushing forward he threw open the door and caught his mother in his arms.

When Jim's mother had recovered from the effects of her profound surprise, Jim related his worries, his troubles, and his experiences of the last few days, and frequently interrupted his narrative by exclaiming upon his joy, his happiness—that joy and happiness which had come to him at being able to spend Christmas with his mother. Finally Jim

rose and walked to the table on which the parcels were placed. His mother went with him and began to explain how old Santa Claus had been more than good, and how she had hoped that the one for whom the gifts were intended could come and take them himself without obliging her to make use of the mail to convey them to him and—Just at that moment the bells of St. Paul's rang out the signal for midnight services.

"Let us be off to church first, Jim," said his mother, "for surely we have reasons to thank God for the happiness He has sent to us in this very night. We can examine the parcels when we return home."

"Yes," replied Jim, "we surely have good reasons to give thanks for the blessings and for the great mutual joy that has come to us, altogether unexpectedly, by way of a most cheerful and merry Christmas."

A. G. Friedrich, '30

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

Susan Coolidge—"Christmas"

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Longfellow—"Christmas Bells."

HOLY NIGHT

"Arise and go to yonder shed
To praise your Lord, the new-born King,
For there He waits, as Prophets said,
A blessing for the poor to bring."
This message heard, the shepherds sped
Obedient to command.

With joy beneath that shed they saw
A child whom God to man had given
In kind compliance with the law;
A Child, though Prince of earth and heaven,
Must find His rest on bed of straw——
The mighty Son of God.

A friendly smile they now bestow
From hearts that with sweet joy abound,
At sight of Him Who meek and low
Sheds benison and grace around;
For God the Great would have it so——
A child should lead them on.

Then slowly to their flocks return,
With joy and cheer, the shepherd band;
With flame of love their hearts now burn
At having seen that mighty hand
Within Whose palm the world doth turn
From noon to eve and morn.

Hugo Uhrich, '30

A CHRISTMAS IDYL

"Paper, Mister, paper!" came through the door of John Gilbern's office on a blast of cold winter wind.

"Naw, get out, I don't want any paper," gruffly replied Mr. Gilbern to the reiterated requests of the shabbily dressed little girl who came forward with a smiling face.

"Oh! Please Mister, can't I stay and get warm? You know it's awful cold outside." The little girl was familiar with such cases and tried her best to win over the grouchy old gentleman.

"Oh well! go over there by the radiator and sit in that rocker."

Those features and that voice—where had he seen and heard them before? Slowly the years unravelled before his memory, as he sat gazing at the little news-girl. In spirit back to Wallen he travelled and there those very features and that same voice—his mother's. Oh! what pangs of conscience he suffered as he tried in vain to recall the last time he had written to his dear mother.

Suddenly he found himself on the train bound for New York from Wallen, Indiana, with his half brother and constant boyhood companion, Joseph Kael. That was in 1912—a memorable date in John Gilbern's life. Thundering up the mountain they hit an open bridge and the engine and the forward cars plunged into the river far below. How he was saved from that watery grave, John never knew.

"I'd better be going now, I have to sell the rest of my papers," the ill-clad news-girl thrust in upon his reverie.

"I've changed my mind. I want a paper any-

how. In fact, I'll take all you have," Mr. Gilbern promised.

"Oh! thank you! Now papa and mama can have a real Christmas."

"Where do you live, little girl?" inquired the owner of the Gilbern Packing Company.

"1044 Randall Ave., top floor, room 156," cheerily replied the astonished but happy lass as she opened the door.

"Just a minute," commanded Mr. Gilbern as he approached the phone. In a minute he returned and began a cross-examination.

That name 'Dorothy Kael', it sent an army of doubts mingled with hopes through his mind.

"What is your father's name?" he urged.

"Joseph Kael"—the old familiar name and in the very accent of his mother's voice struck his ear as the ringing of a chime.

"Joe? Can it be? Impossible!"

"Car ready, sir," interrupted his musing.

"To 1044 Randall Avenue, and you needn't bother about coming back for me. I'll walk home," Mr. Gilbern commanded his chauffeur. "Here, Dorothy, Oswald will take you home. Put on this coat since it is very cold." He placed her in the car, and at the last moment thrust an envelope into her hand.

As the Cadillac whizzed away down the street, Mr. Gilbern returned to the office, a changed man. Concentrate his mind on his work, he could not, for the picture of his mother and brother blurred the page of figures that he tried to examine. Finally he called his secretary and directed, "Dismiss the men for Christmas and give each of them twenty-five dollars as a Christmas gift, and don't forget to include yourself."

"Now, Joe, don't say that," pleaded Mrs. Kael,

as Mr. Kael vociferated in unchristian language, which he emphatically stressed by a blow that caused the round table at which he and his wife were sitting to rattle and tremble.

"I wonder where Dorothy is," Mrs. Kael began, "I wish she wouldn't have to go out and sell papers like this. I won't let her do it anymore."

"Well, as long as this strike lasts, she'll have to keep it up," retorted Mr. Kael.

"Oh! Joe, place your trust in God," begged his wife quite seriously.

"Trust in God? Why there is no God. Why how in the world can such—"

"Papa, mamma, look," Dorothy's voice broke in upon the sad scene. It was like the ringing of Christmas chimes upon the din of war, as she rushed into the room displaying the overcoat and the envelope still clenched tightly in her hand. Immediately her father, taken by surprise as much as he was, demanded, "Where did you get these things, Dorothy?"

Then Dorothy, in her own childish way, frankly told how she had entered the office of the Gilbern Packing Company to sell a paper, and what had happened after her request to be allowed to warm herself. She closed her tale by requesting that she be allowed to go to bed immediately.

As soon as the door closed behind Dorothy Mr. Kael exclaimed, "This is a heaven-sent gift. Oh! God forgive me!"

"I wonder, Joe, if that could be your brother about whom you always spoke so much?" With these words Mrs. Kael hoped to turn the conversation into a different channel.

"I don't think it is; in fact," replied Mr. Kael,

"I am sure it isn't. He was killed in that railroad accident in the Alleghenies. As we were traveling up the mountain on that trip I went back to the observation platform, and John went into the smoker. While he was in that car we hit the open bridge, and it was that car which plunged into the river below. Luckily, thanks be to God, I was thrown free from the wreck and escaped with only slight bruises. I inquired for John at every place that I reached for the following year and longer, but always in vain. Broken-hearted I came on to New York and found a job. Well, you know the rest. But I say, Rosie, let's make this a real Christmas for Dorothy. A gift like this envelope contains is more than we have seen in this house for many a month."

"It's our duty, Joe," agreed Mrs. Kael. "You go out and get a tree, some candy,—Oh! you know what makes Christmas, really Christmas!"

With a light heart Joe tripped to the clothes closet to get his coat and cap. He lost no time in making out the list of parcels which he was to bring along. With a kindly warning from his wife he opened the door to start for the street.

"Hey! look out there, don't knock me over," came a strange voice from behind the half-opened door.

"What are you doing here at this time of the night? Who are you? Come on in, but it isn't much warmer inside of this house than it is outdoors," was Mr. Kael's profuse greeting.

"I am looking for the apartment of Joseph Kael; am I at the wrong place again?" the seeming night-prowler inquired. Mr. Kael obligingly took the vis-

itor's coat and hat, and felt somewhat startled at finding himself recognized by the stranger.

"Joe!" exclaimed Mr. Gilbern, "At last I have found you."

"John!" The two brothers clasped hands with a feeling of joy.

Suddenly through the deep winter silence, the Christmas midnight Mass sent forth joyful strains, that for the first time in fifteen years did not fall upon the ears of John Gilbern unheeded.

"Say, Joe, do you remember when mother used to take both of us to midnight Mass on Christmas? Those were the happy days." In these words John indicated that a real sense of the meaning Christmas was again awakening in him.

"Coming to think of it, John, it's been several years since I was to midnight Mass," Joe confessed rather bluntly.

"John, you and Joe ought to go now," suggested Mrs. Kael.

"Yes, I think we shall," John complied, "and tomorrow we shall all go back to see our dear old mother; Dorothy will have the most delightful Christmas she ever spent. Come on, Joe, or we'll be late."

As the two men were on their way, Mrs. Kael spoke an earnest prayer of thanksgiving to the Babe of Bethlehem. She had hardly finished her prayer when Dorothy rushed into the house, no, not with a usual bundle of papers, but with a bundle that had somehow dropped before her home from the sled of Santa Claus.

Walter Junk, '30

DAY OF DAYS

The blessed day has come at last,
The time of tears and sin is past,
The God of heav'n, the king of men,
Has come upon the earth again.

The ancient seers, renowned of old
Had long ago this day foretold.
A day of calm and holy peace,
A day when fear and dread shall cease.

Judea's kingdom knew it not,
The sages, wise, had long forgot—
But in the snow around the shed
The humble worship in their stead.

They sing a song to God on high,
A song that's answered in the sky,
For men and angels join in praise,
On this, the greatest day of days.

So let us to the stable go,
And worship in the ice and snow.
The Babe has come for you and me,
From sin and vice to set us free.

John T. Spalding, '31

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Tennyson—"In Memoriam"

THE WAY IT HAPPENS

"Since it is only another week till Christmas, I'll buy a tree down town today," said Mr. Jones to his wife.

"I want you to understand that we'll not have a tree lying around in this house a week before it is needed," his wife replied.

"If I get the tree today the rush will be avoided," interposed Mr. Jones in a rather convincing tone of voice.

"You are too slow to get hurt in a rush, so don't let that matter give you any worry," returned his wife as she waddled along behind the carpet sweeper.

This retort made Mr. Jones feel as simple and shy as a whipped baby. Words failed him. Chewing mechanically at the butt of his cigar he shuffled across the kitchen floor and entered the living room in the hope to get out of the way of Mrs. Jones. Whenever he felt licked, a feeling of droopiness traveled all over him, and made itself particularly manifest by the way his big spongy nose would incline to rest on the bushy mustache which nature had rather carelessly glued right under it.

"Get off of that carpet where I have just done sweeping before you decorate it all over with cigar ashes," came the quite stern command from Mrs. Jones.

"All right, all right," was the humble reply.

"You bet it's all right, and you had better be in a hurry, or the handle of this carpet sweeper will make it all right," assured Mrs. Jones.

As quick as he could do so Mr. Jones ushered

himself out of doors without giving as much as a sidewise glance to see if any chastisement was impending. For consolation he went to look for his usual cronies, Henry and Jack, but he could not find them. His only source of diversion now was to talk to himself while he kept up the search for his friends.

Henry and Jack were two good-natured loafers. They earned what little bread and clothing they needed by taking care of the milk-man's horses and by keeping the stables clean. Henry was built for heavy work, but there was no indication that he had ever done any. His small squinty eyes suited well to the lean simpering smile that he commonly wore on his face, a face that would have looked more becoming above the collar of an aged granny than above the chest of a man. Jack was a rawboned, timid sort of fellow, who always depended upon Henry's puny supply of knowledge as a means of getting over difficulties. At the least touch of excitement his tiny eyes that glittered like glass marbles would join in a dance of nervousness while the lower lip of his broad frog-like mouth would hang down like the paddle on a mill wheel.

Outside of his duties about the stables, Jack had to do all sorts of things for Henry. Of course his chief service consisted in doing the cooking, and it was in the capacity of cook that he often incurred Henry's wrath. Jack's nostrils were not of the delicate variety. If the butter was rancid or the meat a trifle more than stale, well, such little defects did not trouble Jack, but Henry did trouble him when such fare was served. A tirade of abuse coming from Henry made up a coarse dessert for Jack on these occasions, and the tirade usually ended by the exclamation, "Oh Jack, if only you had a nose like

that of our friend, Mr. Jones!" But whenever Jack happened to satisfy Henry's taste, then there was no end to compliments, for Henry did love to eat. It was the one bit of work that really made the moisture break out on his forehead.

It was on the same day on which Mr. and Mrs. Jones had fallen to discussing the purchase of a Christmas tree that Jack had prepared a meal which put Henry into a holiday spirit. Really it made him think of the coming great feast.

"How nice it would be," he said to Jack, "if we had some little money on hand, you know Christmas is coming very close. Let me see, I shall do some thinking."

"Now don't indulge any of those millionaire dreams of yours," replied Jack.

"Nope, I have something good this time," said Henry all in earnest. "We'll borrow the milk-man's wagon, the large one that has a flat bottom, and his team of horses when he returns from his route this morning, and we'll drive over to Hi Dabner's grove and cut a load of Christmas trees. We'll sell the trees about town. How will that be for making money, eh?"

"Well, I'll go along if you share in the work." returned Jack.

After considerable argument with the milk man and upon giving repeated assurance that the wagon and horses would be used with care and not beyond a specified time, Jack and Henry got what they wanted. A load of trees was soon cut, and before long the two would-be salesmen, happy as school boys, were making their way through the streets of the town.

"Let me pick out the houses where we'll sell the trees," Henry insisted. "Right here, for in-

stance, is the home of Mr. Jones, our old pal, I am sure he'll buy one. Get off of the wagon, Jack, take a tree and go to the front door; I'll take another and make for the rear door. Perhaps we can fool him into buying two trees."

Jack did as he was told to do. Fully expecting to meet Mr. Jones, he placed the tree securely against the porch railing and proceeded to ring the doorbell impatiently. As soon as he heard a noise at the door he made ready to burst into the house and meet his old friend, feeling sure, as he did, that he would beat Henry at making a bargain. But oh, what a disappointment! It was Mrs. Jones who came to the door.

"Take that tree and yourself off this newly scrubbed porch, you fool!" Such was the greeting poor Jack received.

Jack turned to go, but the door slammed so quickly and furiously that the tail of his coat was caught and held most securely. Pull all he might, he could not disengage his coat from that tightly closed door. Meanwhile Mrs. Jones made her way to the rear of the house only to discover Mr. Jones talking to Henry, who was carrying a Christmas tree on his shoulder. At this sight her rage flared up beyond bounds.

"Get out of this yard with your tree, you dirty lout," she screamed as she made for Henry with a bucket full of scrub water.

"But ma'am, but," mumbled Henry as he tried to back out of the way, only to catch his heel in an old croquet wicket and fall backwards to the ground. In that helpless position he received the full force of the shower bath from the bucket of Mrs. Jones. Just then the report from a toy cannon fired

by a boy on the sidewalk scared the horses. Away they went down the street with Christmas trees flying from the wagon on all sides. When Jack, who was still trying to disengage his coat from the front door of the house, saw the horses go he strained more than ever to regain his liberty. He could have left his coat, but he was too stupid to do it. In his predicament he rang the doorbell resolved to face whosoever might come. Mr. Jones now hurried to answer the call.

"Hello, Jack," he exclaimed, "I am more glad to see you than Christmas itself!"

Without returning a word, Jack hurried after the fleeing wagon, but he did not forget to drag the Christmas tree with himself which he had hoped to sell to Mr. Jones. But run as fast as he might, Jack could not overtake the horses until they had made their way home to their own stable. Being thoroughly angry and disgruntled Jack gave no further thought to selling Christmas trees, but proceeded to use the one tree he still had to lambaste the horses for running away. When Henry finally succeeded in taking French leave from Mrs. Jones and came to the front of the house, Jack, wagon, trees, all were gone.

"If only the horses and wagon are safe," he mumbled to himself as he shuffled along the street. If his clothing had commonly been ragged, it was now dirty and water-soaked besides—thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Jones. How could he feel anything but depressed since all his hopes at making money had been shattered. He wondered if there could be a bright lining in the December clouds. To his surprise, a tiny streak of this kind of lining showed itself.

Uncle George, a brother to Mrs. Jones, had just

come to town and was on his way to make a call at the Jones home. Observing Henry carrying a Christmas tree, Uncle George, as he was commonly called by the Jones children, thought it would be nice to accommodate his sister and her family by presenting them with a tree for the occasion, hence he regarded a vendor of Christmas trees with particular favor just at that moment.

"Tree for sale?" was the question he addressed to Henry.

"You bet, and that for a quarter," came the answer from Henry, whose face now resumed its accustomed smile. In spite of all his recent reverses he had made a quarter; Christmas Day was not to find him and Jack absolutely penniless. He was so filled with what might be called childlike joy that he could hardly wait until he should find Jack and break the good news to him. How much of a great day could be made out of Christmas by two loafers with only a quarter between them, only people in the position of Jack and Henry could know. But they resolved to make the best of the situation.

Uncle George quite gleefully carried the tree that he had obtained at such an unexpected bargain to the home of his sister, Mrs. Jones, not at all realizing that the tree had been there just an hour ago. Upon meeting her brother, Mrs. Jones was all smiles, only she begged him to excuse the looks of the porch and the presence of the mussy old tree that had been left there by a fool tramp.

"No, no, sister dear," Uncle George replied, "as to that tree, it is a present from me, and is to be the Christmas tree for the family."

"Oh, George, how kind of you, how could you be so thoughtful? I was under the impression that

it was the tree which I refused to buy from a peddler just a while ago. But, really, this is a pretty tree, thanks to you, George, come into the house."

With these words Mrs. Jones tried to soothe her feelings of embarrassment, but all through the conversation with her brother she was chagrined at being obliged to have a Christmas tree lying around a full week before time. When at length Uncle George mentioned that he still had a trip to make, but that he planned to return on the day before Christmas with toys for the children, she could hardly wait until he should take his hat and be off in order that she might have a chance to indulge her vexation without interruption.

The last week before Christmas slipped by for Mrs. Jones with unusual speed. Hardly had she finished cleaning up the house for the great feast when Uncle George returned with decorations for the Christmas tree and with presents for the children. Mrs. Jones had quite forgotten her troubles that were now past by fully a week and joined in cheerfully with Uncle George and Mr. Jones in erecting and decorating the Christmas tree. When darkness had come, and the tree was all ablaze with lights, the Jones children were brought into the room. Their extreme joy at seeing the tree and the presents that came from good old Santa Claus spread real Christmas cheer throughout the house. Mrs. Jones chatted pleasantly; Mr. Jones cracked so many smiles that the two sides of his heavy mustache flopped up and down continuously like the wings of a tiny angel, and Uncle George overflowed with joy at seeing the happiness that he had brought to the children. But as usual, Mr. Jones had to blunder.

"Gosh," he remarked, who would have thought that the same old tree that my friend, Henry, wanted

to sell to my wife would come to have all the glory about it that it has now?"

"If I knew for certain that this tree was the occasion for my giving your fool old crony a dousing with scrub water, then it would leave this house by the window even now," interposed Mrs. Jones.

"What is it all about?" asked Uncle George.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Jones, and, as he proceeded to tell the whole story to Uncle George, Mrs. Jones left the room, but when Mr. Jones had finished telling the tale, Uncle George slapped his knee and exclaimed, "By Jove! that is quite a Christmas story, and it surely involves the best joke that was ever pulled off on my sister."

Edward Miller, '30

SNOW

As if to hide drear Winter's clutch
Snow falls upon the cheerless earth
To weave a garb of whitest thread
By aid of Nature's magic touch.

To give the world a fabled look
In millions, flakes at once descend
And deck the hills, the woods, and glades
With pictures ta'en from fairies' book.

Such is the art Snow loves to ply
With tricks and charms both old and new:
What boots it, cold though be the air,
If pleasures fair, man may discry?

Snow Angels' music seems to be
That lends to Yuletide joy and cheer
And in Man's heart stirs song and mirth,
Though never heard by you and me.

John Kraus, '30

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
Collegeville, Indiana.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year -----	\$1.50
Single Copies -----	\$.20
<hr/>	
Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S. -----	Faculty Director

THE STAFF

Marcellus Dreiling, '30	-----	Editor
Francis Weiner, '30	-----	Assistant Editor
Earl Schmit, '30	-----	Exchange Editor
Thomas Durkin, '30	-----	Assistant Exchange Editor
Victor Pax, '30	-----	Locals
Cletus Kern, '31	-----	Library Notes
Robert Weis, '30	-----	Sports
John Baechle, '30	-----	Societies
Leon Frechette, '30	-----	Alumni Notes
Edward Miller, '30	-----	Humor Editor
Edmund Binsfeld, '31	} -----	Associate Editors
Killian Dreiling, '30		
Robert Curtis, '30		
Virgil Van Oss, '30		
William Pfeifer, '30		
Thomas Clayton, '31		
Herman Reineck, '30	-----	Business Manager
Rouleau Joubert, '31	-----	Assistant Business Manager

EDITORIAL

There is no other birthday recorded in the calendar of the year that arouses deeper and more lasting feelings of joy than does Christmas, the birthday of Christ. It is a day eagerly expected by all people, in fact so eagerly expected that it requires no civil proclamation to prevent it from being forgotten. As a festivity it is world-wide, for Christian people in every clime cheerfully participate in its celebration. There is united to this particular day a spring-time fragrance, an unusual agreeableness, a pleasing amen-

ity that the brilliant days of summer and the balmy days of autumn cannot develop.

Annually Christmas is a re-echo of that noblest of messages which demands that glory should be given to God to Whom it belongs, and that on earth man should enjoy peace which is a possession of priceless value for him. Yearly this message is recalled to the mind of man with all the force that it had when by the voice of angles it was proclaimed to the shepherds near Bethlehem on the occasion of the birth of Christ.

The meaning of this message is of paramount value for man in his social relations. For, is it not just that harmony which the feast of Christmas suggests, which is a source of joy and contentment among people generally? Could there be progress, confidence, and mutual understanding in society if the factor of peace were wanting? If peace is associated with men of good will, as the heavenly message evidently puts it, then for the good of the individual, for the good of the family, for the good of every division and group of people it comes to be supremely necessary that the meaning of the first Christmas message be well contemplated, and that a serious attempt be made on the part of mankind to put the idea as conveyed in this message into practice.

Though peace among men is important, it can only be secondary to peace with God. It is from reconciliation with his creator that man derives that attitude of mind and heart towards his fellow men which will make him a peaceful and neighborly citizen. In that heart in which there is no peace with God, there will positively be no lasting disposition of friendliness and neighborliness toward others. From the celebration of Christmas then, man is to learn a two-fold lesson; one pertaining to his spiritual life,

and another pointing to his temporal welfare. It is to this lesson that Christ from the earliest hour of his infancy lends His divine and kingly authority, that power and right to which Longfellow refers when he writes:

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in His diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of His authority!

In this, the Christmas issue, the Collegian, voicing the sentiments of St. Joe's students generally, extends heartiest good wishes for an enjoyable Yuletide season to the local professors who by their earnest efforts have fully merited the warmest appreciation and thanks on the part of those whom they instruct.

To all subscribers and advertisers whose kindly assistance makes it possible for the Collegian to exist, this issue conveys sincerest best wishes for a most Merry Christmas.

EXCHANGES

All the Christmas editions of our exchanges will, without doubt, appear in some one or other joyful form. The Christmas season, like spring, if it is to be thoroughly enjoyed, must have a special atmosphere about it which can only be produced by giving way to seasonable and sympathetic feelings. It is with these ideas in mind that we who are particularly interested in what our exchanges will bring at this season of the year look forward to some rare treats in both poetry and stories dealing with the spirit of this, the most enjoyable period of the year.

One of the finest Quarterlies, both in appearance and content, found in October's exchanges, comes from Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College, "THE AURORA". This is truly in every detail a literary magazine. A very good example of a short story is found in "The Seasons of a Life". The plot is centered on one, Norman Stewart, who goes through the four seasons of life—Spring finds him young and happy—Summer and Autumn each add one big trial to his life—and finally we see Norman an old man. "He is a man whom Life has hurt much, but a man to whom Life has brought peace and even happiness in sorrow." Even though THE AURORA has reached that degree of perfection where outside comments are, one might say, of little aid, yet other schools and colleges could benefit greatly by comments received.

"THE PURPLE AND WHITE", Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario, is, in our estimation, one of the best campus sheets in our list of exchanges. Every article is written up in a snappy, pleasant, and "to the point" style. Of course as the months roll on, the paper will, no doubt, become more complete as regards the Exchange and Humor sections. We would suggest a few seasonal poems.

When it comes to a well balanced literary magazine we have to hand it to "THE BLACK AND RED", Northwestern College, Watertown, Wisconsin. Especially do we like the extremely artistic department heads, which give the reader an inkling as to what will follow and thus arouse interest. One of the essays to be commented on is "Radio", because all the views given are exactly what the writer thinks and believes. Congratulations on your Editorial Section and poems. Give us more editions like that of October.

As a campus sheet, the "CEE AY", Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa, is deserving of notice. All the news items are written in a rather peppy fashion and especially is this applicable in the sport section. A little color could be added in the way of humor, poems, and an exchange column. We like your column, "Random Reading", because it tends to give the paper a literary tinge which is generally lacking in most other campus sheets where space is so precious.

From the Sacred Heart School, Denver, Colorado, comes the "ADELPHIAN". Due to the fact that this particular number happens to be the "Centennial Number", the entire space is crowded with interesting facts concerning progress made during one hundred years. This probably accounts for the scanty space devoted to literature, in the way of stories, essays, and poems. Every grade in the entire school is accounted for in some form or other. A paper the size of the "ADELPHIAN" should contain an exchange column.

The Collegian staff takes this opportunity in wishing all of the Exchanges, A Merry Christmas and Joy and Prosperity for the coming New Year.

Other recent exchanges which the Collegian greatly acknowledges are:

BAY LEAF; THE SUNFLOWER; THE RED AND WHITE; LOYOLA NEWS; SPOTLIGHT; SALVE REGINA; THE RATTLER; THE BROWN AND WHITE; VINCENTIAN; THE GAVEL; THE GOOD WILL; PACIFIC STAR; THE CENTRIC; WENDELLETTE; RED AND BLUE; THE DE PAUL PREP; THE OLIVIA; THE COLLEGIAN; THE HOUR GLASS; THE BLUE AND WHITE; ST. JOSEPH'S GLEANER; THE GEORGIAN; THE TOWER; HIGH LIGHTS AND SHADOWS; INKLINGS; THE COS-

MOS; THE GOTHIC; THE FIELD AFAR; THE PERISCOPE; THE PROSPECTOR; H. C. C. JOURNAL; THE SANDUSKY HIGH FRAM; THE VISTA; NOTRE DAME NEWS; BELL; THE CAMPIONETTE; THE CHRONICLE; THE SHAMROCK; THE WAG; THE ACADEMY NEWS; THE RAMBLER.

LIBRARY NOTES

One who has read very little verse may experience no mental hesitation whatsoever in estimating the amount of Catholic poetry to be found in the world's literature, but may boldly take for granted that there is a great deal of it. On the other hand, the ordinary student who has given some attention to the field, let us say specifically, of English poetry will perhaps begin to question the correctness of such an assumption; at least, he will note that the average anthology of English or American poets gives scant consideration to Catholic authors. If he peruses such collections with a weather eye open to detect representatives of the Faith—as he probably will if that Faith sits firm in his soul—he will likely be disappointed. He will have but few opportunities to feel that slight, responsive warming of the heart, that quick rise in sympathetic interest, that extra attention immediately elicited in the Catholic when in his leisure reading he suddenly meets—as a friend meets friend—a writer who is of the household of the Faith. And even a rather copious reading of the anthologies, or for that matter of the average history-of-literature text, may create in him a false impression concerning the weakness of the Catholic representation in the field of poetry.

Such an impression would be a regrettable mistake, especially since it would seem to imply a dearth of inspirational power in the Church, a failure on her part to move men's imagination and emotions and idealism to those depths and heights whence flow poetic utterance. But as the reader broadens his acquaintance with literature he will come to realize that Catholics have much of which they may, even with a certain pardonable conceit, be proud—much which is belittled, or better simply ignored, by critics in general, whose attitude in this is but a part and parcel of the old familiar attempt to ignore the Church as such. Yet, ages old is that Church; tremendous is her influence on man's spirit and thinking activity, on his attitudes, his dreams, and his aspirations, on his entire life and his hopes of another life to come.

So very true is this that we may in a sense affirm that all great literature is Catholic—and in this we would but repeat an old assertion. Certainly, whatever is noblest and highest in the content of European poetry rests solidly on Catholic thought and breathes Catholic ideals. Theodore Maynard, himself a convert, a poet, and a critic of rank, in as splendid an example of literary essay as it will ever be your good fortune to read, dwells at length on this truth. In his introduction to "Modern Catholic Verse", he states: "There are people who object to the term 'Catholic Poetry' But though all poetry is not Catholic, there is such a thing as Catholic poetry. And to deny it is to commit that most fundamental of critical errors: the separation of literature from life. Every universal conception produces its own manner in art. So we may say that there may be and indeed that there is, a Pagan poetry, and even a Skeptical poetry, and a Moham-

medan poetry; and that these consist of poetry informed by these various philosophies, which fact gives to them, sometimes clearly sometimes vaguely, a special tone and color. The same claims must be admitted for Catholicism."

That this "special tone and color" of Catholicity has thrown its delicate tints over a very large part of English literature, no one will doubt after a careful study of both the Catholic spirit and English literature. Naturally one who knows the literature only, be it ever so well, but knows nothing of Catholic idealism is not in a position to judge of this matter. The fact remains that many a poet who would consider a few things more deleterious to his poetical fortune than that he should fall under the baneful shadow of Catholicism, owes, nevertheless, much of his power and his appeal to Catholic teaching, which has in the course of centuries come to be so closely blended with our common idealism as scarcely to be distinguishable from the contributions of other sources.

But besides such, there are thousands of beautiful poems which are distinctly Catholic in authorship and spirit. They are well worth your attention. They breathe Catholic conviction, Catholic joys and hopes, Catholic devotion. Some are the pointed fiery darts of mysticism "shooting high" toward God's white throne from cloistered homes of prayer; others, acts of patient resignation of Christian courage in the midst of worldly cares. Some breathe tender love to Mary "whom God kissed in Galilee"; some adore the crucified God or witness to His place in the hearts of men. There are those that sing of meekness or of persecution suffered for justice sake; there are those that chant the glory of the Church or of its

King. All are redolent of that indefinable something which is recognized as proper to the church of the ages.

Our library is fortunate in that it possesses a number of excellent anthologies. It would be difficult to say which one is the best; perhaps incorrect to say that any one bears this distinction. One may well take in hand first Maynard's collection mentioned above, "Modern Catholic Verse", because of its very instructive and challenging introduction. At all events, this essay should be studied before any of the anthologies are examined. Leslie's "An Anthology of Catholic Poets" may profitably be the first one read, since its selections are perhaps a bit simpler and more direct expressions of the spirit we are seeking. Then there is "Dreams and Images", a collection limited by that most popular of American Catholic poets, Joyce Kilmer. These three books contain, indeed, some poems not expressly Catholic, which, however, have been included because they are the works of Catholics. The most exclusively Catholic in spirit is that by Walsh, "The Catholic Anthology". It has added merit in that it includes many translations of famous mediaeval poems and goes back even to the time of Christ. Of special interest also is Carver's "The Catholic Tradition in English Literature", which shows the continuity of influence even in that nation where for many years the full freedom of Catholic worship was banned by law. From Chaucer to Lionel Johnson and Joyce Kilmer, we follow the train of poetic spirits who drew inspiration directly from Mother Church. Lastly Katherine Bregy's "Poets and Pilgrims" will serve to strengthen impressions formed from Carver's interesting book.

It goes without saying that the students, in

particular those of the higher classes, should make a special point of forming acquaintance with these Anthologies. They will be surprised and pleased at quantity as well as quality. The time and effort spent in this study will bring rich reward in pleasure, instruction, and inspiration.

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

With the presentation on Thanksgiving Eve of "The Mystery Man", a melodrama in three acts by Morris Ankrum and Vincent Duffey, the C. L. S. has surpassed the standard set by "Kick In", also a melodrama which it staged last Thanksgiving. So profound was the air of mystery which pervaded "The Mystery Man", that very few, if any, guessed who was really guilty of the double crime.

The play begins as Robert Wheeler arrives home at midnight from a bachelor party given to celebrate his marriage to Alice Prince which was to be held the following day. In his drunken stupor Wheeler discovers a man lying on the chesterfield of his apartment in New York. Thinking the man to be Jones, a friend from Chicago who arrived too late for the party, Bob tries to arouse him to drink one more libation to Bacchus with him before the wedding. Then Jerome Tuttle comes down to Bob's apartment only to discover that the man on the chesterfield is not Jones, but a strange man who is dead, shot through the heart. From this point until the mystery is solved suspicion rests upon one character and then upon another. Although Jones confesses to the crime, suspicion still rests upon Tuttle

and Mr. Prince, the father of Alice, for both were in the apartment about the time the murder occurred. This suspicion is increased when Evelyn Wells, a maid in the Prince home, is shot through the heart a second after the lights are suddenly snapped off. This second death occurs in the same room, and right in the presence of Inspector Harrison and Detective Clancy who are trying to solve the first murder. Finally through the aid of Tuttle and Prince it is proved that Evelyn Wells, in reality the mother of Alice, murdered Ralph Prince, her estranged husband and the father of Alice Prince. When she became involved in the murder she shot herself through the heart which resulted in instantaneous death. The case thus being cleared, preparations for the wedding are made, and the curtain ends the interesting and successful drama given by the C. L. S.

Around Lawrence Grothouse as Inspector Harrison the whole frame-work of the play pivoted. He was the domineering character who commanded the situation without faltering from his first appearance in Act 1, until the end. His was excellent work. The assistant detective, Clancy, who doesn't care if he is correct or not as long as he secures a confession from some one, was splendidly portrayed by Joseph Gibson, whose very presence on the stage makes a "hit". The roles of Robert Wheeler and Jerome Tuttle were well executed in every respect by John Spalding and Rouleau Joubert respectively. A charming ingenue who never failed to win the audience characterizes Edmund Binsfeld who played the part of Alice Prince. In the role of Philip Jones, John Kraus gave a pleasing representation of Bob's best friend who was to be best man at the wedding. The character Mr. Prince as portrayed by James Maloney

was a kind old man who lovingly raised as his own child Alice the daughter of his ungrateful brother and Evelyn Wells. This character, Evelyn Wells, was well acted by John Baechle. A melodrama without any comical situations would not show good judgment on the part of the author. In order to inject this element of comedy, the almost identical looking Japs, Togo and Jogo, were introduced. Arnold Grot and William Pfeifer succeeded in acting these parts very well, especially when one takes into consideration the large volleys of Japanese which were interspersed throughout the play. Charles Baron made a good appearance as Dr. Osborn, the medical examiner. The elevator operators, Ross and Anson, played by Earl Schmit and James Connor did good work, as did William Faber, the plain clothes man, Dixon.

Profuse credit and congratulations for the success of this play are due to Father Ildephonse Rapp, the director, for his many hours of hard work necessary for such a production. Likewise are thanks and acknowledgement due the stage managers, Raymond Guillozet and Ralph Luthman for their labors.

The music furnished by the College Orchestra was well played, and a detailed account of it will be found in "The Music Department".

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Robert Wheeler	-----	John Spalding
Jerome Tuttle	-----	Rouleau Joubert
Inspector Harrison	-----	Lawrence Grothouse
Detective Clancy	-----	Joseph Gibson
Ross	-----	Earl Schmit
Alice Prince	-----	Edmund Binsfeld
Togo	-----	Arnold Grot
Philip Jones	-----	John Kraus
Dr. Osborn	-----	Charles Baron

Dixon	-----	William Faber
Yogo	-----	William Pfeifer
Anson	-----	James Connor
Mr. Prince	-----	James Maloney
Evelyn Wells	-----	John Baechle

NEWMAN CLUB

Debates, dialogues, and readings, of praiseworthy rendition give evidence to the fact that a spirit of growing interest and enthusiasm has worked its way into the meetings and private programs of the Newman Club. Regular quizzes in Parliamentary Law have, as in the past, been introduced as an order of each meeting. This practice is also used in the C. L. S. and, as a result of it, the members of both these dramatic clubs gain knowledge which is at once useful and necessary to the orderly conducting of any meeting.

The announcement that the Newman's first public program, to be given on December 7, is a three act comedy, "The High School Freshman", was hailed with great joy by the entire club, but especially by the cast. We regret that this issue of the Collegian goes to press before the presentation of this play, but a review of it will appear in the January issue of the Collegian. Good luck to you, Newmanites! Put your play over big. We know that you can and will.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

A noticeable change in the meetings of the D. M. U. has been effected this year. There is pep in the programs, and, since the very best order prevails at the meetings, we can hope to accomplish more

this year than ever before. Last meeting's program consisted of three well delivered speeches and a comical dialogue. At this meeting John Lefko delivered his second address concerning the last C. S. M. C. General Convention at Washington, D. C., to which he was the delegate of the D. M. U. In this speech he dealt with the business activities of the convention. Well written talks by Alvin Jasinski and Joseph Szaniszlo were also delivered. James Maloney and John Spalding presented a humorous dialogue which was enjoyed by all.

Again the mission enthusiasm of some of the members has been shown in the reorganization of the Round Table Study Club. The purpose of this institution is the study of the conditions in some particular mission field. In recognition of this extra work the C. S. M. C. rewards its Crusaders by conferring on them an honorary title, Palladin Leader. It is the aim of the Unit to have several of its members enrolled as leaders by the end of this year.

On November 17, the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" was presented in the local auditorium, under the auspices of the Dwenger Mission Unit. The proceeds of this movie helped to swell the treasury that the Unit may thereby assist those poor missionaries who are dependent on it for some financial aid from time to time.

As in the past few years, the Indian Missions will again enjoy a large Christmas box, the gift of the D. M. U. These hard working missionaries out west appreciate any donation of clothing or other articles which we can send them, for they and their poor parishioners are barely able to eke out a scanty living. Let us all do our utmost that our box this year will be as big and as valuable as it has been

in former years. The Lord will certainly reward those who give anything to the poor in His name, and especially as an offering to commemorate His lowly birth on Christmas Day. So let's heed those attractive appeals posted by the publicity committee and the committee in charge of this Christmas box, by filling to overflowing the box which will be our Christmas gift to God's grateful poor.

RALEIGH CLUB

More improvements and new comforts show that the Raleigh Club is progressing. Five new overstuffed arm chairs, finished with attractive soft plush, have been added to the semicircle around the radio. These chairs are ever occupied by those who prefer the daily news and radio music together with the luxurious comforts of a soft, easy seat, to the playing of diverse forms of cards, or checkers. Since the acquisition of five folding tables for our checkerboards, this game has become quite a pastime for certain members. If frequency of playing counts for anything, then Harold Wurst holds the championship, with Arthur Reineck as runner-up.

Since a new and better loud speaker for the radio has usurped the place on the mantelpiece, previously occupied by the old one, the latter has found a throne at the opposite end of the club room. This arrangement enables the members to crowd around any speaker they choose, especially during the broadcasting of such spectacular football games as the one between Notre Dame and Southern California.

On the Sunday before Christmas vacation begins, the entertainment committee plans a private program which will consist of a two act comedy, "The Millionaire Janitor" and a monologue, "How I Made

Mine Radio Debut". The musical features will be furnished by the Raleigh Glee Club, (vocal, instrumental, and otherwise).

On the eve of Christmas vacation, "Abie's Irish Rose" will be screened at the College Theater, sponsored by the Raleigh Club as a source of revenue for its depleted treasury.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

When the orchestra made its appearance on the eve of Thanksgiving it was welcomed by the hearty applause of the audience. When the din was hushed the orchestra opened the program with the selection, "Poet and Peasant." This masterpiece with its catching melody made a fitting number to open the play "The Mystery Man." The orchestra's second piece, "Kuiawiak", is a lively Polish dance composition; and it seemed from the attitude of the talkative audience that the piece imparted its liveliness immediately to them.

The choir has already shown a marked improvement in the finer points of group singing. This fact speaks well for the director and the members of the organization.

The Christmas sentiment, as everyone knows, finds its outburst in music. Perhaps no joy is brought into evidence more fully than the joy of Christmas. For this reason every musician should learn some Christmas selections in order to awaken the spirit of the season. The local professors of music, Fr. C. Lutkemeyer and Professor P. Tonner, will gladly help the students to master their chosen selections.

Proudly do we learn that the former choir director of St. Joseph's, Fr. Justin Henkel, C. PP. S., has just published a series of twenty-eight songs,

which are written for two voices with organ accompaniment. The hymns all pertain to the glorification of the Precious Blood. Especial merit is due to Father Henkel because he wrote these songs, not for personal advantage, but in praise of the Divine Blood. With an English publication greater success could be expected. The music department takes this opportunity to congratulate Father Henkel and to wish him success in his work.

ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. D. L. Fauroe, Wanatah, Ind., of the class of '09 was lately granted patent rights for a ten-propeller plane which will rise vertically. Aviation experts have asserted such a plane to be feasible. He has never been a passenger in a plane, nor has he ever had any training in aviation. Those of his class will surely remember him as a staff member and prolific writer for the Collegian. We wish him all kinds of success in his aerial accomplishments.

Rev. Ferdinand Hoorman, C. PP. S., who is assistant chaplain at the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wis., extends best wishes to all. We, of St. Joe's, certainly remember him as our spiritual director. Success to you, Father, in your spiritual endeavors.

Joseph "Senator" Bechtold, Erie, Pa., graduate of the class of '26 states in a recent letter—"Seldom do I have as great a pleasure in writing a check as when I subscribe for the Collegian. Wishing you greater success this year than ever before." This is the kind of a letter that we appreciate and "Senator", we thank you heartily for it.

John Wissert C. PP. S., St. Charles Seminary,

Carthagen, Ohio, and Clarence Isseman, Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Norwood, Ohio, express their sincere wishes of success for the Collegian.

With this issue we also send to all the Alumni wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the year of 1930 bring you all success and happiness!

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: The Very Rev. Msgr. Chas. Thiele, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; The Very Rev. Ignatius I. Wagner, Provincial, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O.; The Rev. Oscar Schlachter, Colon, Neb.; The Rev. Henry Beuke, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O.; The Rev. August Kraemer, Alexandria, Neb.; The Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, C. PP. S., Rensselaer, Ind.; The Rev. Clifford Reed, Delphi, Ind.; The Rev. Arnold Wivvert, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; The Rev. Edward Freiburger, Lafayette, Ind.; The Rev. Joseph Hiller, C. PP. S., Burkettsville, O.; The Rev. James Fitzgerald, Oxford, Ind.; The Rev. Aloys Dirksen, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O.; The Rev. Leo Hildebrand, Hammond, Ind.; The Rev. Cyril Ernst, Whiting, Ind.; The Rev. Semion Schmidt, Marion, Ind.

St. Joseph's has particular reasons to extend thanks to Rev. Ludger Huber, C. PP. S. for securing through his kindly efforts a donation of a set of Pontifical Vestments made of aluminum gold cloth for use in the college church. The set includes a Chasuble, four Dalmatics, Cope, and Velum. Sincerest thanks to you, Father Huber.

On November 14, Father Wagner, Provincial of

of the Society of the Most Precious Blood, came to Collegeville to open the triennial Visitation with the members of the society. In consequence of which the students were given a day free from the toils and troubles of scholastic life. "Dark Streets" which played at the Palace Theater was greatly appreciated by those who sought amusement in the city that afternoon.

A little diversion from the usual manner of spending Sunday evening was had by the way of a movie. On November 17 the "Hunchback of Notre Dame", sponsored by the Dwenger Mission Unit, was shown at the College Theater.

It is with regret that we must chronicle the death of Sister Mary Flaviana, C. PP. S. who was called to her eternal reward on November 19. Practically the entire twenty four years of her religious life were spent at Collegeville, where by fervent prayer and silent labor she has done much for St. Joseph's. In appreciation of her many services in our behalf, let us breathe a fervent prayer for her soul that God may soon admit her to the heavenly court.

Although Thanksgiving Day is set aside to give thanks to God, nevertheless we must also thank the kind Sisters for the delicious barbecue which they always set before us on this memorable day. Rare partridges were dished up in such a fine style that the Pilgrim Fathers would gladly have exchanged their tough turkey, filled with shrapnel from the blunderbuss, for just a tiny sample of these delicate fowls. Among the other good things we had to eat were heaping bowls of mashed spuds, delicious dressing, salad, celery, appetizing cranberry sauce, not to

forget the all important pie. Of course we must not overlook the Black Havanas with which the Columbians topped off the Thanksgiving Banquet, nor the candy which the Society, renewing the motion of Thomas Corcoran '29, now supplies for the non-smokers. Incidentally the young lads who abstain from nicotine take this opportunity to thank Tom for his wonderful innovation.

You will readily admit that such a dinner would be enough to create a Perfect Day, but that was only the feast. Just turn to the Society Column and let its editor tell you all about the "Mystery Man", which the C. L. S. presented on the preceding eve. The Sport Section will give you the latest information concerning the thrilling football game between Baker Hall and the High School lads from the other end of town. Added to all this enjoyment was another town day, this time rendered particularly enjoyable by the colorful film, "On With The Show."

Gee, it's really a shame that we don't have Thanksgiving days more often than we do.

We regret that an unintentional error appeared in the Honor Roll of our last issue. Maurice Meyers has an average of 96 5-7, instead of 95 5-7.

What babe new born is this that in a manger cries?
Near on her lowly bed his happy mother lies.

Oh, see the air is shaken with white and heavenly
wings—

This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King
of Kings.

R. W. Gilder—"A Christmas Hymn"

"Never explain—your friends do not need it,
and your enemies will not believe you anyway.

ATHLETICS

FINAL SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	W.	L.	T.	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Sixths -----	3	0	1	1000	69	6
Fifths -----	2	0	2	1000	71	6
Fourths -----	2	1	1	667	59	19
Thirds -----	1	3	0	250	12	54
Seconds -----	0	4	0	000	7	133

SIXTHS DEFEAT FOURTHS TO WIN PENNANT

On Sunday, Nov. 17, in what seemed to be one of the finest games played this season, the college Seniors overcame the scrappy Fourths by the sweet tune of 19 to 0 and merited the much coveted title of "Senior League Champions".

The game had barely started when the Fourths with their usual aggressiveness started marching for about three successive downs. Realizing that that game was the last that they would play together, the Sixths checked the Fourths to a standstill. When, in the second quarter, a punt rolled out on the two yard line the Fourths' stellar halfback, Lanoue tried to kick out of danger. His attempts, however, were frustrated when "Sal" Dreiling plunged through the line and blocked the kick. The ball bounced so far that Goubeaux, the Sixth Year tackle had to slide under a spectator's auto to recover the pigskin and score a touchdown. The extra point was not made. Just before the first half came to a close the Sixths scored their second touchdown when Capt. Herod tossed a short pass to Vanecko. The score at half stood 13 to 0.

In the second half both teams came into the field with renewed efforts, which was evidenced by the

fact that neither team scored until Herod, a few seconds before the final whistle blew, sent the roughly-used pigskin into the waiting arms of Van Oss, who received it over the goal line to end the game with the score 19 to 0 in favor of the Sixths.

Grot, Connor, and Herod made nice gains for the Sixths while Lanoue made most of the yardage for the Fourths. On the defense Homsey played exceptionally well for the Sixths while Wirtz and Hoover did some neat work for the defeated Fourths.

FIFTHS OVERCOME SECONDS

On a frozen field and under a bright sun the Fifths ended up their season's work by swamping the lowly Seconds by a score of 52 to 0. While the game started out on a par the Seconds lost all confidence in the second quarter to such an extent that the score at the end of the first half stood 19 to 0.

In the second half the Seconds were upset when "Bonny" Dreiling received the kickoff and raced eighty yards down the field for a touchdown. The Seconds broke loose a few times but were never able to escape the last man. The whole game was featured by long gains and passes.

COLLEGE UPSET BY HIGH SCHOOL

For probably the first time in the history of St. Joe the High School defeated the Baker Hall in a football game. Despite the fact that the snow seemed to get the better of the players and that the score was 12 to 0, it was a great game from the very start.

In the first half the College outplayed the High School by a narrow margin. The score at the half was 0 to 0. In the second half of the battle the College grid warriors were outplayed by quite a big margin. With but few minutes left in the third quar-

ter, Lanoue ran fifty yards to score the first touchdown. From that time on, although the College warriors did not give up the Baker Hall spirit, the High School had the edge. Just before the end of the game Strasser intercepted a pass from "Sal" Dreiling to score the second touchdown. Neither of the points was made after the touchdowns were made.

Credit must be given to every player on the field for performing so well under the adverse conditions of snow and cold. Lanoue and Vichuras did most of the ground gaining for the Northsiders while Connor, Herod, and "Bonny" Dreiling carried the ball to great distances for the College.

The lineup was as follows:

COLLEGE		HIGH SCHOOL
Kraus	L. E.	Strasser
Szemetko	L. T.	Riedlinger
Dreiling, M.	L. G.	Storch
Homsey	C.	Follmar
Shaw	R. G.	Conces
Weiner	R. T.	Siebeneck
Vanecko	R. E.	Steele
Dreiling, B.	R. H.	Lanoue
Bucher	L. H.	Vichuras, I.
Connor	F. B.	Wirtz (C)
Herod (C)	Q. B.	Blommer

Substitutions: College: Friedrich for Shaw, Gillig for Weiner, Weiner for Szemetko, Grot for Dreiling B., Van Oss for Bucher, Dreiling B. for Connor, Tatar for Herod. High School: Parr for Conces, Besanceney for Riedlinger, Byrne for Steele, Bubala for Lanoue, Hoover for Vichuras, Krieter for Wirtz. Referee: Putts. Umpire: Weis. Head linesman: Conroy.

ALL-COLLEGEVILLE TEAMS

	Seniors		Juniors
Position	Team I	Team II	Team I
L. E.	Strasser	Vanecko	Missler
L. T.	Goubeaux	Gillig	Glick
L. G.	Dreiling M.	Bishop	Wittkofski
C.	Homsey	Follmar	Bloemer
R. G.	Riedlinger	Storch	Weixler
R. T.	Szemetko	Siebeneck T.	Pettit
R. E.	Maloney J.	Steele	Peterworth
L. H.	Lanoué	Bucher	Zahn
R. H.	Grot	Cross (C)	Elder
F. B.	Connor	Dreiling B.	Steinhauser
Q. B.	Herod (C)	Tatar	Naughton

Honorable mention: Uhrich, Conroy, Junk, Blommer, Van Oss, Wirtz, DeMars B., Boarman.

The above list of players has been selected by the writer after consulting several persons who have been watching all the football games closely and have been picking out the weak and strong points of each player. These players have been selected in view of their playing throughout the entire season both on the defense and offense. Thus the football season of 1929, the best season St. Joe's inmates have ever witnessed, is concluded.

NOTICE TURNERS

Turner Hall activities, which had gained much renown during the season of '28 and '29, were resumed on the 29th of November. Another lively and enthusiastic season for the lovers of calisthenics is expected. Snap it up, Turners, and sign up! Here are the leaders: Nolan, Mgr., Forwith, Gengler, Kirchner, Otte, assistants.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

SANTA AND HIS FLIVVER

This is a lay of Santa gay
Who drives a flying flivver;
No one has been so long on the way
Or such a reckless giver.

He spins the crank, he gives a yank
Upon the little lever;
He takes the curves with sickening swerve
To get here now or never.

He has no horn, his top's like thread
His fenders all go flopping;
His lights are dead, both white and red
And yet we hear him stopping.

Over house tops, following his round nose
He goes careering on;
Stops now and then to fill our sock toes
Until the first peep of dawn.

E. M.

HERE YOU HAVE IT

What is it that no one wishes to have and yet when he has it he does not wish to lose it?—A bald head.

Which would you rather, that a lion eat you or a tiger?—Why you would rather that the lion eat the tiger.

Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger, and Baby Bigger, which of this interesting family is the biggest, and why the biggest—Baby Bigger because he is a little Bigger.

Weary Willie slouched into the pawnshop, "How much will you give me for this overcoat?" he asked producing a faded, but neatly mended garment.

Isaac looked at it critically. "Four dollars," he said.

"Why," cried Willie, "That coat's worth ten dollars if it's worth a penny."

"I wouldn't give you ten dollars for two like that," sniffed Isaac. "Four dollars or nuthing."

"Are you sure that's all it's worth?" asked Willie.

"Four dollars," repeated Isaac.

"Well here's your four dollars," said Willie. This overcoat was hanging outside your shop and I was wondering how much it was worth."

A small boy was reciting in geography class. The teacher was trying to explain to him the points of the compass. She said: "On your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you is east. Now what is behind you?"

The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face and bawled: "I knew it. I told Ma you'd see that patch in my pants."

Woman-suffrage Advocate: I maintain that woman has always been the prime factor in this world.

Deep Thinker: Oh, I don't know. In the very beginning woman was only a side issue.

Son: Mamma, is that bay rum in that bottle on your table?

Mother: Mercy, no dear, that is mucilage.

Son: Oh, perhaps that is why I can't get my hat off.

Sam: Doctor, I can't hear anything.

Doctor: You can't hear?

Sam: No, sir.

Samson was a great actor in his day. It was a close shave when he lost his cue, but his last act brought down the house.

Teacher: Johnnie, what is a hypocrite?

Johnnie: A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face.

"Are you in pain my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No," answered the boy, "the pain's in me."

A man addicted to walking in his sleep went to bed allright one night, but when he awoke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on," he cried, "you mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist." To which the policeman replied, "I don't care what your religion is—yer can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."

Friendly Visitor: Johnnie, I will give you a quarter if you can get me a lock of your sister's hair.

Johnnie: Gimme me four bits and I'll get you the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it at night.

Farmer: See here boy what are you doin' up that tree?

Boy: One of your pears fell off an' I'm trying to put it back on.

The teacher asked: "When did Moses live?"

After the silence had become painful she ordered: "Open your New Testaments. What does it say there?"

A boy answered, "Moses, 4000."

"Now," said the teacher, "why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought it was his telephone number."

Bauman: Say, Reineck, the Hudson River flows into the New York Bay. That is its mouth. Now where is its source?

Reineck: Well, 'Emmy' it naturally would be at the other end.

Mother: Johnnie, you were at the foot of the class last week, were you not?

Johnnie: Wasn't my fault. Johnnie Smith was sick at home.

NOTICE

As soon as Joubert is able to handle the truck that he purchased at the Post Office, without causing any more serious accidents, he will do the local draying. Watch for his sign on the bulletin board.

As many mince pies as you will taste at Christmas, so many happy months will you have.

Old English Saying

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Tusser—"Five Hundred Points of Good
Husbandry."

Boys, make it a point to patronize the firms that advertise in this edition. They are all known in their line for reliability and fair dealings.

WORDEN & KELLER

Restaurant and Fountain Service

Most for your Money

Dr. Harve Hemphill

DENTIST

Office 104; Residence 559-Black Rensselaer, Indiana

DR. ARTHUR G. CATT

Eyesight Specialist

Rensselaer, Ind.

**COLLEGE SIDE LUNCH
AND SERVICE STATION**

Refreshments

Gas and Oil

Route 53

Phone 405

WARNER HARDWARE

General Hardware, Stoves
Radios and Electrical Supplies

Phone 61

This is the second Collegian. There're seven more coming. Subscribe NOW. Come on Alumni, subscribe for the Collegian.

CANDY

SOFT DRINKS

ICE CREAM

GOOD EATS

CHEERFUL SERVICE

Wright's Restaurant

ST. JOE BOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.

PALACE THEATRE

“HALLELUJAH”

“BIG NEWS”

“SO THIS IS COLLEGE”

“GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY”

“SAY IT WITH SONGS”

“NOAH'S ARK”

“NAVY BLUES”

“HONKY TONK”

“UNTAMED”

ALL GOOD ONES

FENDIG'S SHOE STORE

For Quality and Service

For Season's Snappiest Styles

THE DUNES ART STUDIO

Have enjoyed making the Photographs for the Class of 1929. Only our highest grade workmanship is used in all school work. We will be pleased to have our representative call and submit samples and prices for any class work.

The Dunes Art Studio

"Gary's Leading Photographers."

527 Broadway

Gary, Indiana.

If it is to eat, we have it

QUALITY GROCERY

Opposite Courthouse

Worden Bros.

Phone 58

St. Joe Students

Enjoy your refreshments and
hear the Atwater Kent Radio

at

LONG'S DRUG STORE

You Are Always Welcome

MACK & COMPANY

BOTTLERS OF

Cora-Cola

and

FINE SODA WATERS

Every Bottle Sterilized

Mfrs. of

Pure Ice Cream & Ices

"IT'S A FOOD"

Monon,

Indiana

This Magazine is Printed

by

***THE RENSSELAER
REPUBLICAN***

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

PHONE 18

RENSSELAER, IND.

Compliments of
**RENSSELAER CANDY
COMPANY**

Wholesale Candies
Rensselaer, Ind.

Phone 920-D

CHAS. J. DEAN & SON

Real Estate, Insurance
and Loans

Rensselaer, Ind.

CALLAHAN & KANNE

The Place to Buy

YOUR COAL

Phone 273

Bring Your Guest and Friends to

HOTEL MAKEEVER

for their Sunday Dinners

We Serve the Best

Office Phone 456

Residence 358-Red

IROQUOIS ROLLER MILLS

Ralph Sprague, Prop.

Manufacturers of hard and soft Wheat Flour, Buckwheat,
Graham, Rye, and Pancake Flours

We Specialize in Poultry Feeds

Tailoring

Mending

RENSSELAER DRY CLEANING WORKS

H. B. Tuteur

Graduation Suits a Specialty

Pressing

Dry Cleaning

The best is none too good for you!

You are welcome here any old time!

THE CLOTHING HOUSE

of WILLIAM TRAUB

FENDIG'S REXALL DRUG STORE

—FOR—

PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Nieset & Hartlage

Weis & Bauman Inc.

Pool & Billiards

College Sweet Shop

TRUSTY TRUSTS

For Expert Watch Repairing See

Brother Fidelis

College Photo Co.

Religious Articles

J. W. Baechle

See Joseph Gibson

HOLDEN'S

GREENHOUSES

'Say It With Flowers'

Let

"ZUKIE"

Press Your Clothes

DR. F. A. TURFLER

A straight backbone works better than a crooked one

CAUSE OF ARTHRITIS DEFORMANS FOUND

Murray Building

Phone 300

Courtesy of

THE TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Rensselaer, Indiana

DR. ROSE M. REMMEK

Optometrist

Phone 408

Rensselaer, Ind.

DR. H. L. BROWN

Dentist

Over Larsh & Hopkins

Drug Store

DR. KRESLER, M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Rensselaer, Ind.

CLARKE—The Jeweler

**Where Quality and Service
Count.**

Watch Repairing a Specialty

RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY

X-Ray Photographs—X-Ray Treatments

I. M. WASHBURN, M. D.

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

N - A - S - H

Suits and Overcoats made
to your measure. Any
pattern, any style. Same
old price.

\$23.50

F. C. NEWMASTER

The "latest" in hair-cuts.
We cater to St. Joe boys.

Cheerful Service

Good Accommodations

**ED GILMORE'S BARBER
SHOP**

PHILIP J. FRECHETTE

"Quality Candies Priced Right"

Our Complete Line Carried by

COLLEGEVILLE CANDY COMPANY

E. F. Duvall, D. D. S.

Over Jessen Jewelry Store

Rensselaer, Indiana

COMPLIMENTS

—of—

HOTEL

HOOSIER INN

MISS R. BECK

Seamstress

Expert Mending

STAR BILLIARD PARLOR

Pool for Pleasure

Bowling for Health

AL KANNE, Prop.

—See—

BROTHER DAVID

Barber Shop

Tobacconist

SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS AT

Furnishings
Toilet Goods
"Eats"

Murray's

SUITS
Made-to-Order
\$25.75

DEPARTMENT STORE

THE COLLEGE SHOE SHOP.

LOOK AT YOUR SHOES, EVERY ONE ELSE DOES

We specialize in Men's and Boys' Thorogood Shoes
and expert shoe rebuilding.

H. G. ABBETT & CO.

Between the City Hall and New Palace Theatre.

LEADING PURVEYORS

—to the—

INSTITUTION'S TABLE

42 years' experience in supplying Quality Food Products for institutional and restaurant requirements has perfected our service and our values beyond ordinary comparison.

Our Edelweiss trademark has become the symbol of fine quality foods economically packed. Wherever close and intelligent buying prevails, our Catalog is of interest.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.

Importers—Wholesale Grocers—Manufacturers

CHICAGO

Quality
Value
Service

J.C. PENNEY CO.

A Good
Store in a
Good Town

MEN!

*The Values You Want
with the
Service You Expect*

When better automobiles are
built Buick will build them.

HARRY A. WILD

Buick Sales and Service

A. WARTENA & SON

General Blacksmithing

Plowwork

Horseshoeing

Phone — 112

Rensselaer, Indiana

O'RILEY'S BAKERY

Rensselaer, Indiana

Furnishing the Institution's

BREAD, CAKES, ROLLS AND PASTRIES

